Money is my Maſter:

Yet once it was a ſervant unto mee,
But now for want of Money I am in miſery,
Yet I doe hope to find ſome remedy.

To the tune of, *Better late thrive then never.*

I Have bin the Maſter of money god knoẏe,
but now alas 'tis nothing ſo,
For now I am growne very exceeding poẏe,
and cannot well tell what to doe:
'Tis want of this money for that was my friend,
And when I had knoẏe I it lawfully did ſpend,
I thought I ſhould never of it ſpend an end,
This money is many mens maſter their maſter,
'Tis money is now growne my maſter.

Perhaps ſome will ſay it is but as vaine,
but I ſay it is a fine mettall,
For he that wants money is poſſeſt with a paine,
and is like to enjoy but a little:
For he that hath money may have what he will.
Looke what he deſireth his mind to fulfill. (ſtill.
Will with brave entertainment and kind welcome
'Tis money is many mens maſter their maſter,
This money, &c.

Whereas I had knoẏe of Silver and gold,
then I was reſpected with Gallants,
But now I have none their love is growne cold,
and I'm maẏe rejected then Valliants.
Thoſe that I have feaſted with wine & good cheare
From me ſtand a loft & will not come mee neare.
Becauſe I want meanes it puts me in feare.
'Tis money is many mens maſter their Maſter,
'Tis money, &c.

Thus lack of this money makes all men forgoe
as if they ne're ſaw me before, (me,
But if I had money I'm ſure they would know me
and I ſhould have company knoẏe: (knoẏe,
They would come unto me with kiſſes and with
And many brave projects they ſure would devile,
But let men be carefull, ſuch are cunning ſpies,
'Tis money is many mens maſter their maſter,
'Tis money, &c.

Now I all alone may ſit like an aſſe,
whilſt others are frolickly drinking,
And feaſty carrowſing the cup and the glaſſe,
I to my ſelfe ſadly am thinking,
How they are in danger to fall in the ſnare.
Wherein I am tangled with griefe & with care,
Therefore I adviſe you ſuch lewdneſſe forbeare,
'Tis money is manymens maſter their maſter,
'Tis money, &c.

This money's a ſervant likewiſe I may ſay,
to them that doe carefully uſe it,
But it is uncertaine and ſoone runns away,
and ſpecially if once you abuſe it:
I meane if you waſt it in drinking and pride,
At Cards Dice and whoẏes ſuch ſort it will glide,
Leave off all ſuch follies for thus I have try'd,
That money becometh my maſter my maſter,
'Tis money that now is my Maſter.

The second part, To the same tune.

LIkewise there are some to money are slaves,
and doe esteem it as their God,
Then more that they have the more still they crave
but those are most impudent bad:
For money was made for to passe to and fro,
As for them that hord it 'twill turne to their woe,
But for my owne part I did never doe so.
For money is now grown my master my master,
'Tis money is now growne my master.

This money is growne such a conqueror,
as Alexander was never greater,
He gaind all his credit and honour by warre
But money now wins it more better: (gole,
There are many brave sparkes match'd in silver &
That the face of a foe they did scarce e're behold,
It is their great maintenance that makes them
And these are right masters of mony of mony, (bold
O these are, &c.

This fine Master Money is growne such a man,
that many would faine enter in it,
But ner'e since those witches from Lācester came,
could I have the fortune to gaine it:
'Twill one day be better but certaine ne're worse,
If ere I get Money againe in my purse,
Ile lay a gray groat Ile take a better course,
And seeke to be a master of money of money,
I faine would, &c.

This lack of this Money doth trouble my mind,
that I am full sorely tormented,
I have much a doe a kind Hostis to find,
that will with me now be contented:
Quoth she give me Money for I will not score,
She sates she hath chalke enough behind the doore,
But I must intreat her to set up some more,
Till I can be, &c.

Now he that hath Money thou'l be but a boy,
he shall be made welcome most friendly,
The love of brave Gallants he soone may enjoy,
and he shall be used most kindly:
There's no age nor wit no strength can prevaile,
'Tis Money may do't for it is a sure baile,
and he that hath it can seldome times faile,
This money, &c.

Now thus to conclude and so end my ditty,
you that have money make good use on't,
For friendship is cold in Country Towne & Citty
if once you be driven to want,
Therefore now bee warned, for here you may see
The griefes & the sorrowes that now possesse me,
And this was all long of my bad husbandrie.
'Tis money is many mens master their master,
'Tis money is now growne my master.

FINIS.

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